

THE
MOCK-DUELLIST,
OR,
The French Vallet.
A
COMEDY.

Acted at the THEATRE ROYAL,
By his Majesties Servants.

Written by P. B. Gent.

Licensed May 27. 1675. Roger L'Estrange.



LONDON:
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THE
MOCK-DUELIST.
OR
The French Valley.
COMEDY.

Printed by J. E. Smith, at the Office of the
Theatricals, 107 N. 3rd St.



TO THE
A VERTUOUS ACCOMPLISHED Lady,
M A D A M S. C.

M A D A M,

THe French Vallet, according to his natural Insolence, throws himself at your feet; not in his broken English, with a Begar Madam, mee vould ave it de so, but in that Dialect used by the most refin'd Wits,
— — — Vous supplye tres humblement
Le regarder d'un aspect favorable.

Which blessing he vows is a sufficient saveguard against those three Fatalities of Books; Envy, Spight, and Malice. I know, Madam, that to have shrowded under your generous protection all that the greatest Gallantry of the two most Polite Nations of the world could have wound up to the highest sublimity of Wit, had worn some face of Justice, which might have rendred the presumption excusable; it being so generally known, that none with more reason

The Epistle Dedicatory.

than your self, could undertake the Censure of what is so much your own; I mean La parfaite connoissance du beau Monde. But Champagne's Crime can plead no excuse; and being beyond the reach of ordinary Clemencie, can have no other hopes, than in that goodness which shines with so much Lustre throughout all your actions. Take pity of him, Madam; and while your hand is in, pardon also the liberty which his Advocate takes, of subscribing himself,

Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

P. B.

THE PROLOGUE.

YE who will judge, and ye that can indeed,
 (And Right, rather than long Prescription plead,)
 To both we equally do bow this night,
 Owning the Power of one and th' other's right.
 Our Poet says, h'as brought you a new Play,
 Or if no new dish--dress'd another way,
 And better too, he thinks----Plot, Humour, Wit,
 (The Devil's in it if it do not hit)
 Leading you not through horrid rugged ways;
 Knows better how to please, than to amaze.
 Of Lines of Wonder you have had enow,
 That pose your Intellect, and th' Authors too;
 And to this Ages spight will live perplex't,
 To dare the Understanding of the next.

His easier Scene no big-swoln rumbling speaks,
 That while you look on't, like a Bubble breaks,
 Tumbling along with an amazing noise;
 But his accoust is gentle Nature's voice.

In this conceit he brisks, begins to swell,
 And swears he shall come off at least as well
 As some applauded Freemen of the Trade,
 Whom neither Art nor Nature Poets made.

'Twere brave if 't would go thus, and you should be
 Perswaded to believe't as well as he.

But he'll go less; for all this little Huff,
 At other intervals he's tame enough;
 And wisely then considers what is due.
 From his bold weakness, to such Powers as you;
 You whose Prerogative is understood
 To give the stamp, and make the Mettle good,
 With Priviledge as great and unconfin'd
 As his, who Leather into Money coin'd.

Actors NAMES.

<i>Sir Amorous Frost,</i>	An old doating Knight, in love with <i>Kitty Noble.</i>
<i>Sir Hope Coggin,</i>	Suiter to the Lady <i>Lovewealth.</i>
<i>Noble,</i>	Servant to <i>Diana, Coggin.</i>
<i>Crosby,</i>	Servant to <i>Phill. Airy.</i>
<i>Peregrine Airy,</i>	} Brothers.
<i>Young Airy,</i>	
<i>Shift,</i>	
<i>Slye,</i>	
<i>Champagne,</i>	
<i>Clay,</i>	A Cheat.
	Noble's man.
	A French servant to <i>Sir Amorous.</i>
	A Country-Bumpking, Suiter to the Lady <i>Lovewealth.</i>
<i>Clunch,</i>	Clay's man
<i>A Brave.</i>	
<i>Thieves.</i>	
<i>Constable and Watch.</i>	

Maskers, Musique, and Attendance.

<i>The Lady Lovewealth,</i>	A covetous Lady.
<i>Diana,</i>	Sister to <i>Sir Cog. Mrs to Noble.</i>
<i>Phill.</i>	Sister to the <i>Airies,</i> in love with <i>Sir Cog.</i>
<i>Mrs. Crostitch,</i>	Mrs. of the School.
<i>Kitty,</i>	Sister to <i>Noble.</i>
<i>Phanny,</i>	Betrothed to <i>Crosby.</i>
<i>Lyffe,</i>	Woman to <i>Diana.</i>
<i>Siss,</i>	Woman to <i>Phill.</i>
<i>Prem,</i>	Woman to the Lady <i>Lovewealth.</i>

The SCENE *Covent-garden.*



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T H B

THE
Mock-Duellist,
OR,
The FRENCH VALLET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Shift, Thief.

Shift. O Nce more I tell thee, Boy, thou shalt have Gold :
Wilt thou not take my word ? By these two Reliques.

Thief. Prethee hold fast ; thou hast but little hold.

Shift. Why, there's the thing, that's it whets my revenge ;
The little flesh I lost on either side,
Through the severity of old Sir *Amorous*
The Justice that lives in that Corner-house,
Has swollen my spleen to that excess of rage,
That nothing but the greatest of Revenge
I can invent, is able to allay it.

Thief. It was sharp dealing, I must needs confess.

Shift. Most certain. Hear, what I've already done
In order to this business.

Thief. Out with't, man.

Shift. I am of late possess'd with the affections
Of a young Lady at a Boarding-school,
Who, notwithstanding her severe restraint,
Has made a shift to give me her consent
To Marry me.

Thief. To Marry thee, say'st thou ?
I'th' name of Fortune, for what dost thou pass ?

Shift. For nothing less than a Lords younger Brother,

B

What

The Mock-Duellist, or

What with my Tongue, my Person, and Gay Clothes :
My stories have so tickled her young heart,
She wishes hard this day be at an end,
That in the darkness o'th' succeeding night
I might (as I have promis'd) steal her hence.

Thief. But what's all this to Sir *Amorous Frost*?

Let's hear what thy revenge prompts thee to do.

Shift. Why thus : in this servile sort of disguise
Thou seest, I have oftentimes met our Justice ;
As often pre-possess him with the love
Of my new Miss unto his Worship's person ;
Inasmuch, that what with Letters and Bills,
Together with some other circumstances
Too long to tell, I have so fill'd his head
With single-fangles, that he is resolv'd
This night (through her desires, as he thinks)
To get her off, by a Ladder of ropes,
And then to marry her. Now comes the sport :
Get you in readiness, 'twixt two and three.
This very night, half a dozen stout Lads
Fitly disguis'd to act the Watch-mens parts ;
Your rendezvous shall be at the street-end.
Fail not in this, and leave me to the rest.
I had almost forgot to let thee know,
That French man whom I cunningly got off
The last Sessions but two--

Thief. An excellent Rogue !

Shift. I have dispos'd of to our Amorous Knight,
As a present from his Miss.

Sir Amorous, Champagne.

Look, look, yonder he comes ; step you aside :
We'll both in here, and mark what he will do.

Sir Am. Come, come, turn out I say.

Champ. Jerny mee voul

Et den your Madmoisèl turn de you out :
Begar mee go tell de her you no propre
To make de Gentleman ; you no most have
De French Vallet, dat is geanty, galland,

No

No fit for de you dat : Jerny most have
De doll, de Diable, de simple English man
To serve de you, dat can no tesh de you
De Gallantry ; no so mosh as de spake.
Fee, fee, begar, no me shame for de you
Jerny, mee vbul go, no.

Sir Am. Should he in spite
Go tell my Mistris this, it might spoil all,
When I consider that she put him to me,
By the means of her confident, that man
Who interchangeably conveys our Letters,
The sole Correspondencie we ever had,
Through her severe restraint : I must submit.
Champagne, do but reflect on what y'have done.
Y'have stolen my Linnen, lost your Hat and Clothes,
Spent all that Money I'd giv'n you to lay out,
Which was five or six pounds.

Champ. Mee lay it ote, Jerny.

Sir Am. On your own self, and give me no accompt.
Home you come naked, hundred Boys at your heels ;
Then fit your self afresh from my best store,
All without Licence.

Champ. Begar, 'tis no de fasson
De Franshe serviteur de ask de permission ;
Look de your Papier, and you vbul see
It is de mee devoir to sheet de you.
Begar, you no understand de Civilité
Francoise ; you call de sheet, dat is simplement
De gaillardise, de tour d'adresse, Jerny.
It is meskin, begar.

Sir Am. I must be quiet,
And for the present wink at all his faults ;
But time will come, I shall alter the Scene.
Well, well, *Champagne*, upon condition
That for the future you'll live orderly,
All shall be now forgot. I will allow you
A Crown a day, and you shall promise me
That you'll be honest, and cheat me no more.

The Mock-Duellist, or

After a pause, Champ. Vell, tosh dela do mee lose bee de bargain. Mee vould oblige de you. Come, give l'argent.

Sir Am. Well, well, let's in, and I'll give it thee there.

As Sir Am. is going in, Shift steps to him, and gives him a Letter.

Sir Am. Another Letter?

Shift. Lest the former should fail, In-speaking not clear enough her intentions.

Sir Am. How does she do? Does she look briskly on't? Thou seest I do: speak; Is she chearful, man?

Shift. As her Impatiencie, Sir, will permit.

Sir Am. Take this for thy reward.

Shift. I thank your Worships.

Sir Am. 'Tis a very small hand: where are my Spectacles? Now let me see.

My dearest Knight;

Since you have been so punctual to observe all my Injunctions, I can no more doubt of your real Affections; I shall think the time long till I am clasp'd within the loving Circle of your arms. This night if you will come to receive me as yours, 'twixt one and two, I shall impatiently expect your presence at the second window next the Garden, where you will finde

Yours wholly, Kath. Noble.

Sir Am. Let me see that again? Yours wholly, Kath. Noble? 'tis just so.

I must not doubt your secrecie in this? (To Shift.)

Shift. I'll be as secret to you as your thoughts.

Sir Am. 'Tis very well; that Vertue is a Jewel Which must be set in Gold. Here, take the rest. Only an earnest of my future love. Thou must assist me in this my designe, In this Amorous Theft.

Shift. Sir, I am yours. I'll not be wanting; be you but disguis'd, And I'll secure you all.

Sir

Sir Am. Trust me for that I can do it naturally, as it were.

What odd disguise dost thou think would do best?

Shift. A woman's dress, nothing were better.

Sir Am. Th'art in the right : but how should I come by it Without suspicion?

Shift. Leave that, Sir, to my care.

Sir Am. I prethee do, and be sure, not to fail.

Precisely at th'appointed time and place.

Shift. I'd as soon disappoint a Rich young wife,

As fail your Worship, Sir. This night at two

I shall be punctual, Sir --- to plague your heart. *{Exit Shift, winks*

Sir Am. Champagne, come here.

at Champ.

How dost thou like me now?

Champ. O! ver velle.

Begar you loke de no, Justement

Comme de young Gallant : you have de ordre day

De bougre de hair all vitt, et no you have

De Peruque frisee : you vant

No more, Jerny, que de feat, venst et drink.

Sir Am. Fight, wench, and drink? I'm old-dog at that.

This Love is a strange thing : I'm young again.

Henceforth to Justice I must bid adieu ;

That becomes not my Youth. Judge thou Champagne

Whether this Wig and Sute would fit the Bench.

Champ. No par ma foy, es bettere too and tim

For de la Commedy.

Sir Am. How do I walk?

Champ. O ho! mee tesh you dat.

Sir Am. And sing? fa-la-la-la

Champ. Mee tesh you dat.

Sir Am. And fence? ha ha!

Champ. Mee tesh you dat.

Sir Am. Oddsniggs, I had forgot

My French, Champagne.

Champ. Oh! mee no tesh you dat.

Odnigg, odnigg, dat pinful Jerny,

Dat justment come de povre diable.

Alon

The Mock-Duellist, or

Alon donc? Qu'on prenne sa leçon
Par la Mort, par la Teste.

Sir Am. Par la Mort, par la Teste.

(Sir Am. say after him.)

Champ. Bon, Jerny.

Sir Am. Bon Jerny.

Champ. Aye? no saye bon Jerny.

Sir Am. Aye? no say bon Jerny.

Champ. Diable soit de la beste.

Sir Am. Diable soit de la beste.

Champ. Ah! Jerny, holl, holl: no say after me, } Stops Sir Am.

Je donne au diable Mademoiselle.

Sir Am. Je donne, &c.

Champ. Si je ne suis le plus humble serviteur.

Sir Am. Si je ne suis, &c.

Champ. De tous les serviteurs de vos Valets.

Sir Am. De tous les serviteurs, &c.

Champ. Very goot! alon, encore!

Sir Am. Very goot, alon, encore.

(Stops Sir Am. mouth.)

Champ. Non! Mademoiselle je suis rany d'avoir donné

Juſques dans la Contre-escarpe de vos bonnes graces.

Sir Am. Mademoiselle, &c.

Champ. Fort bien? no for de dance, Alerte Jerny.

Stand de you very strait, juſt come de mee.

(dance.)

So, very goot.

(Stands stooping.)

Sir Am. Now let me ſee whether I have obſerv'd

Exactly her Commands: this is her Note,

Written with her own hand. In the firſt place,

(Kisses the Note.)

You are to be apparell'd i'th' French Mode,

To have this French Vallet, Companion rather,

Who is to teach you to Dance, Sing, and Fight,

To ſpeak a Norman, or a Gascon French;

To Swear and Curſe, in the ſame Dialect;

And cheat you of your Linnen, Clothes, and Caſh,

Before your face; at which you muſt but laugh.

Champ. Oh! O! do you ſee no? pray obſerve dat.

Sir Am. And ſwear by Jove, it is a witty Knave.

Champ. Ua Crown de day? mee looſe be de bargain.

Sir Am. Then I muſt have you court ſome Gayſome-Lady,

To accustom your self 'gainst you have me.
 Jerny, *Champagne*, je had forgot this last.
 Haft vous incontinent to Monsieur *Coggin*,
 Et know quand je can waite upon the Madmoisell.
 Madmoisell *Phill. Airy*, pour kis her bais les mains.

Champ. Ha! ha! ha! mee go presentement. (*Calls back Champ.*)

Sir Am. Champagne, did'st thou not laugh at me, just now?

Champ. Ma foy un little.

Sir Am. There's for thy pains. Be gone.

At thy return thou't finde me in the Hall.

Exeunt severally.

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Per. Phill. Phan. and Sifs at a distance.

*Per. in a Riding habit; the Women in Morning-dresses,
 and Vizard-masks.*

Phill. I Had intelligence a fortnight since
 Of his coming to Town to wooe the Widdow.

Per. The Widdow *Lovewalth*, say'st?

Phill. The very same

Which put me on the business you shall hear.

Per. Out with't; I long to hear't.

Phill. Thus in short.

You are to know my adersion towards *Crosby*
 Being grown up unto a hatred of him,
 By the sad narrative which Madam *Phanny*
 Had made me of his base treachery towards her,
 Caus'd on the other hand a suddain growth
 To those well-wishings I had for Sir *Coggin*
 Into affections----

Per. Otherwise call'd Love.

Phill. It shall be what you please. This made me seek
 All handsome means to break off those concerns
 Which my Knight had, with th'interest Lady *Lovewalth*.
 I soon made with his Sister a firm league,
 And did so order things, 'tis now a week

That

That I lie in their Lodgings, where I have had
 More opportunity to work my ends.
 Last night I did contrive so, that a Letter
 Was delivered into Sir *Coggins's* hands
 In presence of me, with this Message to't,
 That it was sent from an unknown Lady,
 In which was mention'd, that he should meet this day
 In the Piazza at four a clock a person
 That likely would inform him of some things
 Of his nearest concerns. He read the Note,
 And presently assur'd the Messenger
 He should not fail the assignation.
 I had just parted with him, when I met
Timothy Clay, with his Man and his Dog,
 Inquiring earnestly of each he met
 Concerning me, who was but just gone by.
 When I met you.

Per. Well, but what said Sir *Coggins*?
 Did he not know thee, think'st thou?
Phill. Not in the least.

I told him in a counterfeited voice,
 The Lady *Lovewalth* did despise him so,
 That a Rival was entertain'd by this
 In his own room: if therefore he'd desist
 His pursuit in that place, a worthy Lady
 Would entertain his Love, who surely had
 Such an esteem for's person, as would amount
 To th' making him her Husband.

Per. What said he?
Phill. I did not give him time, but added *frank*,
 That if he'd meet me in that place again
 'Twixt five and six, I should inform him further.

To which he answer'd, that he would not fail.
Per. How durst thou venter thy self all-a-lone
 Without company with thee? Where is *sister*?

Phill. Those two persons you see there--
Per. Who be they? Dost thou know them?
Phill. Yes, I do.

The one is Madam *Phanny*, th'other *sifs*.
Thus all-along they've kept me company,
At such a distance as you see they observe.

Enter *Clay*, *Clunch*, and Dog.

Here's *Tim*. *Clay*, Brother, we must not be known.

Per. Let me alone for that: art sure 'tis he?

Phill. My life on't, man. T'is best I should retire,
And leave him to your handling: if he bite,
Bring him in the back-way, there I'll confirm
Whatever you have said.

Per. Say no more, wench.

Exeunt Woman.

Clay. Do you know our Neighbour?

Clunch. Where she lives?

Per. Perhaps I might, did I but know her name.

Clay. Why her name is pritty Mistris *Phill*. *Airy*.
What say you now?

Per. That I do know the person;
And if you please, I shall conduct you to her.
I am her servant, Sir,

Clay. Say'st thou me so, friend?

A-gad-a-mercie fecks; give him a groate,

Clunch; come, dispatch, a'shall have a gray groate.

Clunch. Oye, oye, soft there, pray let him earn it first.

Clay. But harke you now, what kinde of servant pray?

Per. My Profession, Sir--

Clay. Oye, oye, let's hear, what's that?

Per. Is to instruct both Gentlemen and Ladies
I'th' art of Compliments; besides, I shew
To such strangers as you, the Town and Court,
The Gallantry thereof, and the Intrigue--

Clay. Intrigue? what place is that?

Per. By that I mean

Th'ingenious conversation 'twixt the Wits
Of either Sex, both in the Court and City.

Clay. You say that you teach Compliments?

Per. I do so, Sir.

Clay. Why then I'll tell you friend, 'twixt you and I,
I'm come to town to court a certain Lady,

C

Who

Who is already courted to my hands;
 But that for fashion-sake (a murrain on't!)
 I must bestow some few upon her Chaps.
 Therefore, if you can help me to a brase
 O'th' newest of them at reasonable Rate,
 I'll be your Chapman: I have money enough;
 Have I not, *Clunch*?

Clunch. Why, who dares question that?

(*Holds up his Bat.*)

Per. I do not in the least.

Clunch. You were not best.

Per. But so few Complements, I am afraid
 Will scarce serve turn.

Clay. Then keep them to your self,
 For I could never yet learn how to write,
 Scarce how to read; and do you think that I
 Will burden my membry with Complements?

Per. What if I teach you the new Mode of Courtship,
 In which you'll need but one single Complement,
 And all the rest is voluntary Wit?

Clay. I marry, now you say something indeed;
 But what d'you mean by voluntary Wit?

Per. 'Tis high Hyperboles, *Anglicè* Nonsense,
 No matter, Sir, how wide 'tis from the matter,
 So you but keep your Countenance, go on,
 And scarce take time to breathe.

Clay. Those what you call--
 Hyper-bullies, and *Anglicè* Nonsense,
 I shall ne're learn without book, I'm afraid.

After a pause.

Per. Well, Sir, suppose I have a way for that?
 What can you then object?

Clay. I am not, Sir,
 For your objects, I'm for one Complement:
 And if so, why then so. Ecks you and I
 Will be better acquainted.

Per. Well, in short,
 Because we are strangers to one another,
 For further satisfaction, if you please

To

the French Vallet.

ii

To let me wait on you to th' Lady *Airy*,
She will inform you of my Capacity
In my Profession.

Clay. Gad-a-mercie fecks;
A dad a speaks, *Clunch*, like an honest man :
Come, we'll along.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Lady Lovewealth's house.*

Lady Lovewealth, Prew.

Prew. I Hope your Ladyship will none of him.

Lady. Of whom talk'st thou ?

Prew. Mr. *Timothy Clay*.

Lady. Thou silly thing ! is he not wonderous Rich ?

Prew. Yes, Madam, and that's all.

Lady. 'Tis all indeed :

For in that word is comprehended all
That I aspire at. Suppose he be
The ill-bred Chip of a rough-hewn block ;
Impertinent, absurd, given to drink,
And to all sottishness ; what's that to me ?
I'll endeavour somewhat to polish him :
If I cannot succeed, he take that course,
And I will even take this--

Prew. Which, Madam, pray ?

Lady. I'll give my self all the freedom I can
In modesty enjoy ; take th' advantages
Of all his beastly extravagancies.
I'll insinuate my self i' th' management
Of the Estate ; lull him asleep with ease ;
Yield a full scope to all his appetites,
While I will work my ends, hoord up his Gold,
And spend on't at my list, on this, or that ;
Eat, drink, wear what I please ; as often change :
Go out, come in again, early or late,
Without controule ; have servants for my turn :
All this, and all things else, as I think fit.

C 2

What

What more can I desire ? would he were come :
I long to see the man.

Prew. Sir *Coggin*, Madam,
Th'obliging Knight, what must become of him ?

Lady. Faith, *Prew*, e'en as he pleases ; here 'twon't
I'm for the Richest still.

Enter Boy.

Boy. The Taylor, Madam
Has brought some Patterns for your Ladyship.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Per. Phill. Clay, Clunch and Tray.

Phil. Sir, in a word, he is the only man
On all accompts of Gallantry, you could
Have pitch'd upon.

Clay. Avads I think a be ?

Phil. And for your sake, I'll dismiss him my service ;
He shall be wholly yours.

Clay. Neighbour, good thanks.
You hear, Sir ? henceforth y'are to be mine ;
Our Neighbour says the word.

Per. Sir, I am yours.

(To Per.)

Clay. Why very well. Now, because I'm in haste,
I'd have you dogmentise me instantly.
Was not that a hard word ?

Per. Most excellent !

Clay. Nay, sometimes I hit on um, do you see ?
Come, give me some distructions.

Per. Very well.

Now

the French Vallet.

13

Now, Sir, observe, since I'm fully inform'd
You do not care for troubling of your self
With Compliments, I'll teach you the new Mode
A la Soldate.

Clay. Hy-day ! what's that, I pray ?

Per. That is to say, Soldierlike Courtship, Sir ;
A kinde of rough-hewn way newly come up,
Which takes wonderous well in Court and City :
'Tis generally us'd.

Clay. I long to know't.

Per. Why thus in short: suppose that Lady there
Were your Maitress

Per. comes up to Phill. in an affected way. Clay imitates ridicul.

Clay. That's Latin for my Lady ?

Per. No, Sir, 'tis French : thus I make my approach.
'Tis very well.

Clay. Nay fecks let me alone
To speak all the dumb Courtship, do you see ?

Per. Thus having kiss'd her hand, you must begin
Your Compliment.

Clay. Can't I do't without speaking ?

Per. Not without speaking, Sir : but do you mark,
That you may have no use of memory,
I'll write you down a Compliment.

Clay. Nay, nay,
That will not do: for to tell you the truth,
I could never yet read a written hand,
Except it were in print.

Per. It shall be so.

This done, and handsomely convey'd within your hat,
Which holding thus you shall read to your Lady,
She knowing not but you deliver it

Viva voce--

Clay. That's French again ; oye oye.
Efecks it will be brave.

Per. Your Compliment.

Del 2

The Mock-Duellist, or

Delivered as is said, you must begin

Either to whistle, sing, hop up and down--

Clay. Or else play with my dog. But tell me though,

Suppose my Lady speaks some Complements

To me again, what then?

Per. Why, if she do,

She will not greatly minde what you will say,

Neither must you minde her.

Clay. 'Tis very true.

For why should I minde her, and she not me?

Let me alone for that. That is, you say--

A la--what do you call it?

Per. A la Soldat.

Clay. I'll defie any single man in town

To do't better than I. Me thinks I'm at it.

Hie Tray! alas poor rogue!

Per. That's very well.

It is done to the life. After a while,

If you do find the Lady to be silent--

Clay. So let her be! so I would have her fecks.

Per. You must begin--

Clay. No Complements, I hope?

Per. No, Sir.

Clay. Nay, then it will do well enough.

Per. Only make use of some familiar talk:

As for example, What is most in fashion,

What News abroad, or else of some new Play.

Clay. Or of my dog Tray; or else, do you see,

Tell her how many Beasts, Sheep, Hogs; and Geese

My Father left me, besides Money and Lands

In ready Cash.

Per. There's nothing better, Sir.

Clay. But yet, suppose she has an itching minde

To Complement?

Per. Then you must let her know

That being of opinion that Complements

Are of too soft a nature for a man

(Especially of mettall) for to use,

(Struts and whistles.)

Y'have

Y^e have hired me to supply in that part.

Clay. Effects it will be rare.

Per. Then will I court--

Clay. The Lady, as for me.

Per. 'Tis very right.

Clay. Oddskniggs, I had forgot where w^e are to go. (To *Clunch*.
Where shall I meet you 'bout an hour hence?

Per. Sir, where you please.

Clay. Let it be in yond place--

Per. The Piazza, Sir.

Clay. Oye there an hour hence.

Neighbour *Airy* go to : y^e have won my heart,

With leaving me your man.

Phill. Your servant, Sir.

Clay. Nay, nay, no Complements; and so farewell.

Exeunt Clay, Clunch, Tray.

Phill. Brother, what think you on't ?

Per. Nothing but good.

Phill. In my opinion, if I ben't mistaken,
Here is a fortune flung into your arms :
You can't avoid it man, it must be so ;
You are the man design'd to have the Lady
When all is done.

Per. I hope no less, e'faith,
As I shall carry it on : for I intend,
As you may well perceive by this beginning,
That under the pretence of good instructions,
I'll make this credulous shallow-pated fool
Appear to be such an impertinent Sot,
As will oblige the widdow without doubt
To see her folly in't if she once moves.

Then will I take fair opportunity
By the fore-top, and speak to her for my self.
That, Girl, must be the way.

Phill. A good one too.

Where's our brother *Dick* ? would he were here ::

Have you not heard of him?

Per. By the last Post.

This

This is the day he is to be in town.
 The fatal pass, which so unfortunately
 He was compell'd to make in's own defence
 Upon his enemy, is no more thought on:
 For underhand he has of late compos'd,
 And (though with great expence) is gotten clear.

Phill. I fear of's money as well as his troubles.

Per. It can't be helpt.

Phill. He deserves better things.

Per. His Ingenuity will never let him want.

Phill. I hope 'twill not.

Enter Man.

Man. Madam, Mr. Crosby

Demands admittance to your Ladyship.

Phill. Why let him come; I shall soon dispatch him.

Per. Mean time I'll go about the Compliment
 Of such a nature--

Phill. Into my Closet there.

Exit Per.

Enter Crosby.

Crosby. Your humble Servant, Madam.

Phill. Your Servant, Sir.

Crosby. Madam, I come to ease my poor sick heart.

Phill. If you are serious, you'll be best alone.

I have, Sir, other business now in hand.

Crosby. Let me beg you'll be pleas'd but to consider,
 You can have none that may with greater Justice
 Be taken to your thoughts, than such a passion
 As I have always manifested to you,
 By the saddest protests--

Phill. Those you call such

I must suppose are of your making so,
 Perhaps it is your custom: I not the first
 To whom y'have made those sad protests you call.

Crosby. Let me but only vent--

Phill. At leisure, Sir.

Exit Phill.

Crosby. There's something more than ordinary in the wind.
 Should she have had intelligence of late
 Of my former Amours with Madam Phanny?

But

But how should she come by't ? I need not fear't.
I must confess she ever did receive
All my addressees with reluctancie ;
Would often twit me with her friends consent
Which I had got : but now of later daies
Sh'as not so much as common complaisance.
Well, I'm resolv'd once more to see this Miss,
And pump out, if I can, the cause of this.

Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I. Sir Coggin's house.

Champagne and Lyffe.

Champ. D Ere is de hoofe, mee most knoke de dor : (Enter *Lyffe*.
Begar is be un very pritty de ting.
Mee vout make de her un grand Compliment.
Madamoiselle, je suis vostre esclave d'un grand cœur.

Lyffe. Bleis us ! what have we here ?

Champ. Vat have you de heer ? Jerny, you have de Geante,
Jolly, polly, accompy, galland Gentilhome, Monsieur
De Brisefer ; une persone dat vill tesh de you de
Playe de Trumpet marine, de Flageolet, de
Feedle, de Tambour, de Basque, de Sigue, come ca
Fa-la-la-la, de Compliments, de Dance, come ca ha--
De Fence, come sa, a, ha ! - A Jerny mee vout feet,
A kill all de Diables for de love de you.

Lyffe. Sure this same thing has skipt out of its wits
Into this Morris-dress before the season ?

Hear you, pray, is not your name *Champagne*,
Sir *Amorous Frost* his servant ?

Champ. Ha, a, a, *Champagne* ?
Me Modre bring de mee in de *Champagne*, et--

Lyffe. Upon her back ?

Champ. No, begar, no, ope de her belee--
Aye, so mee come in de varl in *Champagne*.

Lyffe. You were born there ?

Champ. Very just, par ma foy, mee born, mee born der.

D

But

But mee name bee Monsieur de Brisefer admirateur
De vos perfections.

Lyffe. Goodnow, no more conjuring.

Champ. For de love de you mee voul brake de neck presente-
Si'l vous plaist.

Lyffe. Good Sir, I thank you for your hanging love.

Champ. A ha! vostre tres humble Valet.

Lyffe. Well, but *Champagne*?

Champ. Aye!-

Lyffe. Or Monsieur *Brisefer*, what is your Arrand?

Champ. Harrang, begar, Jerny, mee have no de Harrang, look
Der els; (*Shews his pockets, opens his breast and breeches.*)

Mee come to baise les mains de Madmoiselle

Diana, pour de service de mee Maistre.

Lyffe. What stuff is this? you baise les mains, Sot?
You kifs her--

Champ. Tout beau, tout beau, ma Genty de moifelle, ventre,

Teste, Gozoon, if de Rogue de Englishman speak de

Mee de Harrang, me kill de him come ca, ha!

Ho! com come Madamoiselle, sur mon honneur

Mee voul no kill de you, harrang, { *Makes a Pass at Lyffe; she runs,*
Jerny-- { *shreeks, he holds her back.*

Enter *Slye*.

You say mee sell de Harrang? (*Looks on Slye askew.*)

Slye. Arrand, yes, Sir, I'm going of one,
And should be glad you would inform me in't:

Pray where lives one whose name's Sir *Hopewell Coggin*?

Champ. Coquin? par la sang, par la mort, par la teste, Gozoon,
Harrang? Coquin? if no respect de Madmoiselle

Mee voul--hum? Jerny--be hange-- (*Bites his thumb.*)

Lyffe. This is excellent sport!

Slye. Jerny, your self: sure this fellow is mad.
What do you say to me, pritty one? ha?

Can you inform me? (*Champ. interposes.*)

Champ. Jerny, he live in de house.

Slye. Pray leave off your Jerny: it may be so.

Champ. Sot? Madamoiselle pray you hold de mee fast,
Autrement mee kill de him presentement.

Slye.

Slye. In what place is this house ?

Champ. In London, Jerny.

Slye. Jerny in your teeth :

I'm a meer stranger, and--

Champ. Et mee be un persone vòul make de you mad.

Slye. Where might I see him ?

Champ. Ver you look o-top de him, Jerny ?

Slye. Again ? y'are pleasant, Sir ?

Champ. Begar me var mor plaissant if you go to de divle
Si Jòsois, Jerny--

(Aside.

Slye. Flesh and bloud can't hold out ;

H'as gin me the Jerny a dozen times.

Pray change me this ?

(Strikes Champ.

Champ. Peste ?-- is it de jest, ou bien de tout de bon ?

Slye. E'en as you please ; what do you think on't, pray ?

Champ. De jest, de jest, your humble serviteur.

Slye. Much good may do you, Sir : I'll go with you, *(To Lyffe.*

Champ. La peste ? come il touche ?--

Exeunt Lyffe, Slye.

(Champ. puffs and blows.

Ha teste non ? ou est l'honneur ? *Champagne*, ou est l'honneur ?

Bègar, mee vòul have de revange ; first mee vill kill

De Rogue, and den mee cogel im sounge. Hah ! Rogue,

Tosh mee de face ? Premièrement, call de mee de harrang,

Teste non ? en second lieu, call de mee de Coquin ? par

La mort ? Item, call de mee Sot ? ha ! ventre blew ?

Conclusion, Zap, give en grand box de Ear ? ha ! Jerny ?

Es Justement come ca ? dat is de ting. Mon honneur ?

Verbee you ? allon viste speak de me.

(In another Tone.

Mee say most have de respect for de Estranger--

Autrement mee kill de him, van, too, tree tim. O ! forbon,

Very goot, you see no, mee honneur ave de respect et

De consideration for de Estranger ?-- but mee honneur

Be un ting, et me be un odre ; me say nothing, but

Jerny--

Exit biting his fingers.

SCENE II.

Sir Cog. leading *Phill. Noble, Diana, Lyffe, Sifr.*

Sir Cog. **O**N my word, Madam, there was no such thing.

Phill. But what then may it be?

(They whisper.)

Nob. Love, Madam, may,

And with such fierceness drive on these designs

As will compass his ends----

Dian. Not always, Sir--

(To Sir Cog.)

Brother, say what you please, but let me think :

Go out so suddenly, come home in dumps,

Have not a word to say ; nay scarce afford

Common respect to your most worthy guests,

Is somewhat strange.

Phill. He knows I am not his,

But your poor tenant, Madam.

Sir Cog. I must confess,

That an odd business coming unexpected,

Has somewhat discompos'd me for the present,

For which I humbly beg your pardon, Madam.

Phill. You have it ;

But under favour, Sir, may we not know

What sort of business 'twas you had in hand ?

Dian. I hope it was no quarrel ?

Sir Cog. Not at all.

Phill. Was it not some gay Lady's assignation ?

That Note that was deliver'd you last night,

In my mind, spoke so much.

Sir Cog. To tell the truth,

It was that very thing : I had intelligence

Of an amour.

Enter Boy : whispers *Diana*, and *Phill.*

Diana. What now, Sirrha ?

Exeunt Ladies.

Sir Cog. Moving already, Ladies ?

Phill. To th' next room.

Sir Cog. Once more, Sir, you are welcome to this house,

And

And wish you quick success in your addresses
Unto my Sister, who already's inform'd
Of your own worth ; and do believe that she
Will not be o're-severe in the reception
Of your love beyond what's to be allowed
To th' modesty of her Sex.

Nob. Your Generosity
Is so surprizing, that I'm to seek for words
To return you those thanks that might proportion
With your civilities.

Sir Cog. Y'are still beforehand : my Sisters Portion, Sir,
Is yet entire, though I've had the misfortune
To loose my share of what we had inherited
From our Parents.

Nob. Had I any thoughts
That in the least should reflect upon interest,
I would render me unworthy the possessing
So rich a Jewel as that Lady, Sir.

Sir Cog. Y'are too obliging, Sir,--who have we here?

Sir Amorons leading *Phill.* and *Diana* singing.

Sir Am. Falla-la-la ; *Jerny* Madmoisell vostre tres humble ser-
(viteur. (To *Phill.*
(To *Nob.*

Neece! how is't, Girl ? Monsieur je suis a vous.

Nephew! how dost thou like this Peruque ? ha !

This Trimming, Cravat, these Gloves, Sword and Belt ?

The whole Apparel ? hum ? falla-la-la.

(*Struts singing.*

Sir Cog. What the devil's the matter ?

(*Aside.*

What your judicious Gravity approves,
I am not to contest----

Dian. Sure he is mad ?

(*Aside.*

Sir Am. I've always told you, Nephew, that delays
Were ever of a dangerous consequence ;
And now y'are like to know it by experience.
You know how oft I've advis'd you to marry,
That I might see some likelihood of Heirs
To be successors to that fair Estate
I have acquired, by my assidual pains.

{ *Nob.* courts
Diana.

You have had time enough, yet nothing done : ----

'Tis

'Tis those neglects of yours, have put me on

This great necessity of marrying

In these more ripper years.

Sir Cog. The wench guest well--

I suppose, Sir, this is to try me with?

Sir Am. Mistake not; I'm in earnest, and in haste.

Phil. Why, Sir, the Gentleman is young enough;

And his lost time may easily be repair'd

(I'm of opinion) if it pleases him.

'Tis in his choice yet, to out-strip you there.

Sir Am. Where, prithy? where?

Phil. I mean in Marriage, Sir.

My Knight takes me not yet; I dare no more--

Sir Am. I thought you knew the person, I protest.

I shall scarce marry these three or four daies,

And you may get a dozen wives by then; (Scoffingly to Sir Cog.

But he must make good haste, or come too short.

Sir Cog. You say three or four daies?

Sir Am. Yes, thereabouts.

Sir Cog. Well, Sir, will you but yield that if I marry--

Sir Am. The widdow *Lovewearth*; I'll put a spoke there. (Aside.

Sir Cog. A Lady young and brisk, 'twixt this and when

You have appointed for your marriage-day,

You will--

Sir Am. I'll tell thee, nephew, what I'll do:

He that is first married of us two,

Shall bar the other from procuring Heirs

To my Estate.

Sir Cog. A match, a match, e'faith.

Phil. And if Sir Cogging, Sir, does get the day,

You'll declare him your Heir immediately?

Sir Cog. What say you, Sir, to that?

Sir Am. A match, a match;

I'll not deny you sweet: you must run post?

Nobl. 'Tis very well.

Diana. We'll all be witness to't.

Sir Am. And to my wedding also morrow-morn,

To which y'are all invited.

Sir

Sir *Cog.* How ? so soon, Sir ?
Y'allow'd a longer time.

Phil. Three or four daies ?

Sir *Am.* Nay, Sir, 'tis so ; now make what haste you can ;
Whip, whip, and spur, y' had need, or lie behinde.
I'll stick to th' Contract ; so Gentles, adieu.

Exit Am.

Sir *Cog.* What a mad Scene is this ?

Diana. 'Tis unexpected--

Noble. And sudden too, I think.

Sir *Cog.* These the first news ;

But now, what's to be done ?

Phil. E'en cross his Match.

Diana. But how is't to be done ?

Sir *Cog.* W'are left i'th' dark :

Did we but know where he makes his address,
There would be some hopes yet.

Lyffe. Sir, as for that,

I think I have a way which may succeed.

Sir *Cog.* Prithy what is't ?

Lyffe. You know, he has of late
Entertain'd a French servant.

Phil. What of that ?

Lyffe. The fool, who pretends kindnesse to me,
Is doubtless privy to his Masters love ;
And if so, Sir, I make no question then,
But to get knowledge of this secrecie.

Nob. No better way.

Sir *Cog.* *Lyffe*, if thou do'st this,
Thou wilt deserve our further care of thee.

Lyffe. Let me alone to worm out this French fellow ;
Sir, fear it not.

Exit Lyffe.

Phil. Come, chear up, Sir.

Sir *Cog.* Madam, you may do so,
Who have assurances of your amours
By a Contract--

Phil. A Contract, say you, Sir ?

(Curse be the cause of this suspicion in him.)
'Tis with my Parents then, never with me.

(*Aside.*

And

And likely enough that bargain's yet to make
Between the Gentleman you mean, and me.

Diana. Brother, let me advise you strait to go
To th' Lady *Lovewealth*; learn if 'twere the hopes
Of your Uncles Estate made her accept
The tender of your services, or whether it be
A real affection does cause her to have
An esteem for your person. If the last,
Inform her how y'are driven----

Phill. Not amiss.

So now it works as I would have it, just.

(Aside.

Sir Cog. Sir, if you please to honour me so far
As to lend me your company t'her house----

Noble. It must be then with these two Ladies leave.

Sir Cog. I'll but call by the way at the Rose-tavern. *(Exeunt Ladies.*

Noble. In the mean time, according to my promise,
I'll speak two words at the School in next street.

Sir Cog. Very well, Sir, we'll meet at the Piazza
An hour hence.

Noble. Till then, your servant, Sir.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The School-house.*

Kitty Noble, at a window; *Shift* in the street, in a fine Garb.

Shift. NOW I'm a Prince again, in shew at least.

Hem! hem!

Kitty. Hift, hift.

Shift. 'Tis I; is the coast clear?

Kitty. I'll look about--I see none we may fear.

Why did you stay so long?

Shift. How does my Love?

Kitty. As well as hopes can make me,
And yet my thinks this day is cruel long.

Shift. It draws towards its end.

Kitty. Does the time hold?

Shift. 'Twixt two and three: be sure the night be out;
Our work requires none.

Kitty.

Kitty. How shall we do
To get off in the dark ? the Moon by twelve
Will yield us no more light.

Shift. So I would have't.

Kitty. It will be very dark : how shall I know
When you are come, or whether it be you ?

Shift. Here, here ; secure these half a dozen Keys :
When I am got up to the Ladder-top,
I'll in the Room, and seek you in the dark,
Where when you finde y^e are taken by the hand,
Conclude 'tis I. By the help of these Keys
I'll open every door to th' Garden-side,
And that way we'll get off. Speak not a word,
Nor whisper then.

Kitty. And where must we go then ?
Not far, I hope.

Shift. Only to the Church-porch,
Where a Parson shall wait to tie the Knot,
And then---

Kitty. Away, away, the Beldam comes.

Shift. Farewel till night.

(*Kitty* shuts the window.

Kitty. Farewel.

Exit Shift.

SCENE. IV.

Noble, Crostitch.

Crost. **F**Or these same reasons, Sir, a stricter Eye
I've kept upon her actions than before ;
And till some two months since, or thereabouts,
I could not finde she had any commerce
Beyond these walls ; which made me grant to her
A little more liberty than before.
But it could not last long : for one bright night,
About the hour of two, I heard a noise
On the back-side ; I stole gently down stairs,
And there, you'll scarce believe't----

Nob. Yes, I'll believe that she has not her like.

E

Crost.

Croft. I found the Gentlewoman
Letting down of a bucket full of stones
Into a Well.

Nob. How's that, pray ? full of stones ?

Croft. Yes, Sir.

Nob. For what ?

Croft. I stood still close behinde,
And she was so attentive at her work,
That she perceiv'd me not: now mark, I pray !
Anon at th'other end of the Well-rope,
Up comes, what do you think, Sir ? pray you guess.

Nob. The Devil sure.

Croft. No, Sir, but one of's friends,
Drest in a humane shape; a fine young man,
Who, as I thought, none but the Devil himself
Could have brought there. The Gallant spying me
Standing behinde, twitches the rope she held,
And gently poises himself down again.
At this she turns, and so espies me out.
You must needs think she was much discompos'd
At the sight of me.

Nob. I know not what to think.

Croft. Wdunderfully! she in a laughing tone
Cries out, E'faith, you came i'th' nick of time,
Or else by this, I'd gin you the go-by.
With that, in a great laughter up she runs,
Where having lock'd her self, she 'gan to sing;
Oh! Love is a delicate thing. I'th' morning
I visited the Well, and in it found
Towards the middle, a window that did answer
Into a neighbouring Vault. I had a pump
Set in the place, to prevent for the future
Suchlike attempts. Seeing no remedy
But close confinement of her in a Room
Under good locks and keys, I've mew'd her up,
Where she does still remain.

Nob. Cannot be helpt.

I pray let her not know of my return

Till I see you again. Till then, farewell.
I see 'tis easier the Ocean to span,
Than keep by force a young maid from a man.

Exeunt severally.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Crosby, as he is going in, meets *Sifs*.

Crosby. **N**OW for to know my doom. Your Lady, *Sifs*?
Sifs. She's gone to take the Air. (*Stops the Passage.*)

Crosby. Come, let me in,
I shall grow angry else.

Enter Phill.

Sifs. Here comes some Rescue?

Crosby. Your obedient Servant, your Woman, Madam,
Deni'd you to me.

Phill. She did nothing, Sir,
But what she had in charge.

Crosby. Madam, 'tis like
(My fate's the harder) that I am arriv'd
Upon some newer interest.

Phill. Your own
Was not so considerable, Sir, before,
Nor had it so much name you need to fear
That any should succeed it.

Crosby. If there be any one dares own a favour
That's to my prejudice, let him look, Madam,
You hide him in your bosome, if he would not
Have this sword through him.

Phill. Sir, you must prescribe
No Laws to me: that person I shall chase
To throw my favour on, shall know to answer
Whatever heats you bring.

Crosby. Why be it so.

Exit Crosby.

Phill. This care is over.

Sifs. A fair riddance, doubtless.

Phill. This is not all, I have another plot,

To bring about my ends 'twixt Madam Phanny,
And this unworthy man, that I must do,
Or I've done nothing yet.

Siss. Seriously, Madam,
I pity that poor Lady at my heart,
She is so melancholy----

Phill. Where is she now?

Siss. At her old trade of weeping.

Phill. I'll chear her up
E're long, if things do hit.

Siss. Pray Heavens they may.

Phill. Let's in, and there consult with her about it,
Lest we be troubled with this impertinent.

SCENE II.

Champagne solus.

Champ. **C**hampagne? dis de honneur es un Jewel
De grand estimation: it is de so pretious de ting
Dat mos no bee los; no, mos no be los:
Den mon revenge: Oh! very goot, very sweet,
Par ma foy de hony is no so sweet:
As de revange to de Frensh Vallet.
Derefor, par consequent you de Estranger
Dat give de mee de paf ope de face,
You mos prepare for de dy, no remedee,
But Monsieur Champagne, mee mande pardon, *(In an other tone.)*
Mee ask quarter, de grace mee no give: *(Change tone again.)*
Comment give box de Ear to mee person?

Enter Slye, harkening.

Ah! Jerny, ventre teste, comé nee'l doon,
Dat mee cope de teste, et present de it
To mee Maistresse Mademoiselle Lyssé.
Alon; mee no longre stay: point de quartier.

Slye. How now? who's that you'll kill? *(Pulls Champ by the arm.)*

Champ. Ha! Monsieur mon amy, begar mee be *(In a sawnoing Tone.)*
Your very de humble Serviteur---mee very glad.

De

Defee de you ver vell, mee vout present de you
Vit de pint de vin.

Slye. But my thinks you were grumbling
In an other dialect?

Champ. Es nothing, par ma foy :
Mee only repete de vers de la Comedy.

Slye. Perhaps y'are angry?

Champ. No, no, sûr mon honneur.
Mee know you de jest, mee no angry, Mafoy :
You strick de mee agâin if you de plaîse,
Mee never tink de arm vit de amis.

Slye. Then fare you well, I've nothing more to say. *Exit Slye.*

Champ. Humble Valet; Jerny, mort teste non :
Mee no do vell, mee shoull have kill de him :

A ventre blew, mee vout call de him back. *{ Runs towards the door,*
then comes back.

Dis fool pittee always take de mee
A contre temps : begar for de futur *{ Still looking towards*
Mee vout be cruel, batre, kill, cojel, *the door.*
Massacre all to mee revenge. Jerny,

Mee vout presentement go send de him
Un shalange, but first mee vill visit
Mee Maistresse Madmoiselle *Lyffe*, Jerny,
To give de mee de la velleur----Ah! pox de him.

Enter Slye again.

Slye. I had forgot that while y'are here, you should
Present my humble service to that Lais
I met with you i'th' morning, and let her know
I'll visit here e're long : do not you fail.

Champ. Jerny?

(Bites his fingers.)

Slye. What's that you say?

Champ. Ouy, ouy, dat is de say, ifs, ifs, presentement,
Oll, oll, a little, mee do you de service. *(Tyes Slye's shoo-string.)*
Dere no is vell. *{ Exit Slye: Champ. looks after him.*

Slye. Oh! thank you, Sir. *{ a good while, then draws.*

Enter Lyffe.

Champ. Hum, um, um, Jerny; 'tis vell you go,
You make de scape, but mee cash you agin
Un odre tim----mee vout extermin de you.
Oh! Madmoisell, for de grand love de you,

Mee

Mee almost kill van, to, mee Rogue, just no.

Lyffe. For love of me?

Champ. Is, par la mort. *Jerny.*

Mee love de you tresfurieusement.

Lyffe. I, but how shall I know if this be true?

Champ. Sur mon honneur; mee engage mee honneur.

Lyffe. Were I but sure----

Champ. O! mee voul tell de you?

Commande no, de mee de un ting,

Et mee voul do de ting: you ondrestand?

Lyffe. That you'll do any thing I shall command?

Well, I'll trie you for once.

Champ. Come donc, allon.

Lyffe. With whom is't that your Master is to marry?

Champ. Dat be begar de very grand secret;

Mee Mastre vill no have de know, *Jerny.*

Lyffe. I thought as much: I see your love in this:

You love? you hang.

(Offers to be gone.)

Champ. Madmoiselle *Lyffe*, pray come to mee, mee voul tell de you De all; but you must be de very secret den?

Autrement--hum, um, um----

Lyffe. Fear it not, man:

I'll be in this as secret as thy self.

Champ. De Mrs. de mee Mr. is un little Gentilhoman *{ Speak aloud to her Ear.*

In de Schoole, vish mee Mr. take de away in de neet.

Lyffe. Who? Sir *Amorous*?

Champ. No, no, *Jerny*, un odre:

Mee tell de you de all; mee have too Mr;

Premierement, de un dat is un Rogue;

Secondement, that Rogue pote de mee

To de odre dat is un fool----

Lyffe. Sir *Amorous* you mean?

Champ. Just so, *Jerny*: no, mee Mr. de Rogue, Voul all de sheet, d'ordre Mr. de fool,

Et take de vensh for him: begar, just so.

Lyffe. Is it this night?

Champ. Is, is, but moss silence.

Lyffe. Here's cheat on cheat: hark, hark! somebody comes.

Noise here.

Champ.

Champ. Mee vowl come de see you after un hour.

Lyffe. Do so, be sure you come : you'll finde me here. *Exit Lyf.*

Champ. Adieu, begar, de nexetim mee see de you
Mee vill see if you be de goot flesh ; Jerny mee
Can no stay de longre for un homan.

Exit Champ.

SCENE III. *Lovewealth's house.*

Two Chairs.

Lady Lovewealth, Prew.

Lady. **P***rew?* go to my Closet, and fetch me the Letter

I now receiv'd from Sir *Amorous Frost.* *Exit Prew.*
It is both short and sweet. While I took care
How to dismiſs Sir *Coggin* of his sute,
There is provision made ; I need no more,
When he's come in, but to shew him this Note :
Sure that will do't. How now ?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir *Coggin*, Madam,
Is new set down at door, desires admittance
To your Ladyship.

Lady. Why, bring him in----that's well :
I am prepar'd.

(To Prew.)

Sir Cog. Noble.

Sir Cog. Madam, I have made bold----

Lady. You have so, Sir.

Sir Cog. Yet I hope the offence
Is not so great but that I may finde pardon ?

Lady. 'Tis of that nature, Sir, as must not hope
To finde excuse, much less a pardon for it.

Nob. Madam, I hope, 'tis not on my accompt
My friend is thus neglected by your Ladyship ?

Lady. No such thing, Sir ; if y^e are rich you are welcome : *(To Nob.)*
But for that Gentleman, (your friend you call)
That knows himself to be wretchedly poor,
Beyond all hopes, and yet pretend to me,
Is such a thing as I must not forgive.

Sir

The Mock-Duellist, or

Sir Cog. 'Tis likely, Madam, that some Rival here
Is happier than I?

Lady. He is so, if more Rich:
That is the only thing, Sir, that sways me.

Sir Cog. Madam, in the opinion of the general,
There are other things to be consider'd
In the choice of a Husband.

Lady. The Vulgar, say you?
That commonly runs false; and I'll be singular,
Sir, thus in short: were you in full possession
Of as fair an Estate as is your Rival,
Your person, Sir, might pass muster with me;
I like that well enough.

Nob. Come, come away;
For shame, Sir, do not spend one single thought
Upon so interest a thing as this,
Who is a scandal to her gentler Sex.

Lady. Indeed! are you of that Religion too? *(To Nob.)*
Here, Sir, read this, and then tell me your minde? *(To Sir Cog.)*

Sir Cog. reads.

Madam,

*I hope you will attribute these few lines of advice to my diligent
care of your Welfare, since they tend to no other end, than the giving
you notice that I am in minde to have Heirs of my own getting, and
leave my Nephew to his Ingenuity. I make no question but you know
my meaning: So conclude,*

Madam, yours, *Amorous Frost*

Nob. Your Uncle has been too quick for you here.

Sir Cog. Madam, since it is so, yet give me leave
To congratulate my Rival e're I go.

Lady. Sir, To speak the truth, I had intelligence
He would be here this day; but yet, not come.
I th' evening, Sir, if you please to be here,
You'll witness our Contract.

Nob. And Marriage too?

Lady. If he has a minde to't.

Sir

Sir Cog. Madam, I'll come.

Lady. Your Friend too, Sir.

Nob. Your thrifty Servant, Madam.

Exeunt men.

Lady. So much for that : now shall I think it long
Till my new Lover comes. I wonder what
His Compliment will be?

Prem. By relation, Madam,
He cannot say, as a body should say,
As one should say, boh! to a Goose.

Lady. Go to :
How goes the day?

Prem. Madam, on its decline.

Lady. And not come yet?

Enter Boy.

Boy. A strange Gentleman, in as strange a dress,
Madam, demands access unto your Ladyship,
Both for himself, his mouth, his man, and dog.

Lady. What's this thou say'st?
Admit him here.
Sure this is he, by the Message he sent.
I dread his coming in, who just before
Wish'd he were here : I must receive him now.
It is too late to think.

Enter Clay, Per. Clunch, Tray.

*Clay takes his Compliment from Per. pins it to his Hat,
comes up to the Lady, makes a Leg, then falls back
again, hems, spits, and Coughs; blows his Nose on the
ground, then wipes it on his sleeve.*

Clay. Come here, poor Rogue.

(To Tray.

Per. Now minde your business, Sir.

Clay Reads.

Clay. Madam, super Excellent, and the sole supreme Mistress of
my sober Passions, (*hem, pat the Dog*) pardon--hum--pardon,
that my peregrine self intreats the Mixifick effects of the sweet In-
fluentials of your, of your,---your---Loxogonof--phe--ri-cal In-
tuition. You sublime Lady alone, are able to nurse up this---
(*hem again.*) (*a pox of these hard words*) ex--exta--extatickal
embryo of your more than thrice supedaneous Admirer. (*hem again.*

Give

F

Give me leave super Mundaine Lady, to supplicate at the (now-now again) sub-t-e-r-ter-sel of your feet; and pardon him who subscribes himself your slave, as far beneath your pitty, as a Myrmidonial Insect to highest of Stairs; no, Stars I mean. (*Unpins the Paper, gives it to Per.*)

Clay. So much for the Compliment *Clunch*, want it well done? efecks, 't has made me sweat. This thing call'd wooing, is a most pest'lant thing. Lady, if you'd have more, I've brought my mouth with me, d'you see, to speak for me. (*Per. bowes.*)

Lady. Sir, in few words, y'are welcome to my house.

Clay. It is not quite so big as our new Barn: (*Walks whistling.*)
What thinks thou, *Clunch*?

Clunch. Yea, thereabouts.

Lady. There's nothing can be more ridiculous:
'Tis the meer abstract of impertinencie;
Worse cannot be.

Per. I am glad to hear that.

Lady. What have I done? (*Aside.*)

Clay. How do you like my Dog? (*Holds up his Dog to the Lady.*)
Do you see, Madam, en't it a fine thing?

Lady. Oh! very fine indeed, and nothing finer.

Clay. Come hither, *Tray*? what do you think's his name?

Lady. Why *Tray* I think.

Clay. Efecks y'are in the right;
That you should guess, d'you see, so well at first!
Did she not, *Clunch*? { *Clay sets him down, sets*
Tray in an oth.r chair,
leaves the Lady stand-
ing.

Clunch. Yea, yea, what was't you said?

Clay. Efecks, I'm glad to see you well: sit down.
Ho! fetch a stool for my Lady to sit. { *Clay plays with the Dog,*
Mouth, do you talk to my Lady a little, { *whistles so loud, he*
While I play with my Dog. { *drowns all that they say.*

Per. I am commanded

Madam —

Lady. Heavens deliver me from this Impertinent!

Per. and the Lady as in discourse, while Clay
is stalking up and down whistling, &c.

Clay. Oye, oye, let him alone for Compliments.
I stoo-her, mouth: he'll give you your belly full

Of Compliments, and Courtship, and what not?

I'll play him 'gainst any in Town or Country

At either of those Weapons for a great.

Oye, stick clost to her man, oye, oye, look on. *(Lady looks on him.)*

I know 'tis all for me he speaks to you :

For why ? he is my mouth, are you not, mouth?

How do you like him, Lady ? *(Rushes upon them.)*

Lady. Very well.

Clay. 'Tis all the better for me still, I cry. *(Seats himself first.)*

I pray sit down. This *London*, Lady mine,

Is a chargeable place. Nay, look on me ; *{ Lady minds not Clay,*

He is only to speak, not to look on. *{ looks on Per.*

What do you think 't has cost me, do you see,

Since I'm in Town, on me, on *Clunch*, and Tray ?

Lady. What is't you said ?

Clay. Well, Lady, for this bout

I will not pose you in't ; but in a lump,

'T has cost me just seven Nobles, d'you see.

Lady. What person, Sir, is this you have brought with you ?

Clay. It is my Mouth ; I told you so before.

Lady. A Gentleman ?

Clay. Gentleman, d'you see, that will speak you----

Lady. And are you sure he is a Gentleman ?

Clay. Our Neighbour *Airy* told me so, I'm sure ; *(Angrily.)*

And this I know, she would not lye for th'matter.

I tell you once more, he's a Gentleman

Every inch on him : do but try him else ;

He'll give you, do you see, your belly full.

Per. This works for me beyond imagination. *(Aside.)*

Clay. Nay, but pray hear mee out : I brought him here,

That in case you lov'd Compliments, d'you see,

A should fit your turn, Lady, t'a Cow's thumb,

As one should say : for, for my part,

I naturally hate these Compliments.

Look on him, Lady, pray.

Lady. A good presence. *(Aside.)*

Clay. Effects I'm woundy dry : *Clunch* fetch two Pots

To make my Lady drink. *(Gives Clunch Money.)*

Lady. Sir, use my Cellar :
It is the fittest place for such a beast.

Clay. Effects a match, a match ; come hither *Tray*.

Nay, we'll all go: I'll lead in *Tray*, d'you see?

And you, *Clunch* hand my Lady: As for Mouth,
He is only to talk.

Lady. Hands off. } *Clunch offers to take the Lady by the hand,*

Clunch. Chuse, chub. } *she flies off. Exeunt Clay and Clunch.*

Lady. Now I begin to abhor that foolishness
Which possess me so late. I am justly punished.

For my covetousness ; plainly foresee

I shall become a laughing-stock to all.

Per. Madam, if that----

Lady. Pray, Sir, answer me first :
Are you a Gentleman?

Per. I am so, Lady.

But Madam, give me leave to let you know

My miseries, the crossness of my Stars,

Those fatal Influences did preside

At th'hour of my Birth----

Lady. What, Sir, can make you
So unhappy a man, as you endeavour
To represent your self?

Per. Madam, 'tis this :

That being extracted of a Gentile stock

Honourably deriv'd, have been imbu'd

With a proportion'd breeding to my Birth,

I should want that great Idol of the world,

A futable Estate to all those things

I have but newly mention'd.

Lady. A comely man ;
Me thinks I am concern'd at his relation :

Pray, Sir, how long have you known Mr. *Clay*?

Per. Only since morning, Madam, have I seen

This man possess'd with that great lump of treasure :

Which renders him ridiculous to the world ;

While the hundred part of that vast Estate

Might intitle some worthy Gentleman

To your consideration.

Lady. Would I were certain

This person were of a Gentile extraction.
 Whene're I cast my Eye upon his person,
 Me thinks I do him wrong to question it.
 I feel somewhat within me takes his part,
 That will not let me rest, but whispers still
 Unto my heart, This man's to be prefer'd
 With his bare virtue, before that other thing
 With all its wealth. Come, Sir, we'll in and see
 What is become of Mr. *Timothy Clay*
 And his followers.

(Aside.)

Per. Madam, I'll wait upon you. *(Per. takes the Lady by the hand.)*

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Covent-garden.

Sir Am. Champ.

Sir Am. *C* Champagne, this is the night which is design'd
 For my Amorous Theft: you must assist
 With secrecie, be sure?

Champ. Secret, Jerny, no seere for dat:
 Mee be all de secret, mee have de secret
 To kill the Ratts, de Fleese, de Moofs, de Tick;
 De secret to make de Money, to make de Charme,
 To cash de prity Vensh; de secret de make de loofe
 De grate Belee, de botte secret, de Jerny----
 De secret--to runn away vit your monee and close.

(Aside.)

Sir Am. How's that?

Champ. Noting, noting, mee only repette all de mee secret.

Sir Am. Against the time, provide your self for action
 With useful arms, such as you handle best.
 'Tis like we may imploy them---do you see,
 'Tis a dangerous attempt?

Champ. Oh! let mee come.

Begar, if dare be de bougre, de Rogue dat vill
 Make de resistance, me voul come ca give
 De him un grand posh--den vit come ca kill de him.

*{ Punches him till
 he staggers.*

Pre-

Presentement, ha-----

(*Makes a Pass.*)

Sir Am. Hold, sure th'art mad?

Champ. Is begar, ven you speak de feet, mee be mad, de Kill de all.

Sir Am. Besides, you must provide you a disguise.

Champ. Disguise: ho! very goot, no fere for dat, Mee voul disguise as mosh ridicul as de you.

Sir Am. Come, let's hear how?

Champ. Mee voul go in de estable, take de little horse, Mee voul kill de him, den mee voul take de his Skinn et pote upon de mee, den mee voul keek, and Beet et Cree whin hin: humrl. is no excellant? —

Disguise?

Sir Am. Yes, but I loose my horse by th' bargain, man.

Champ. Den mee do autrement, mee take de his skinn, And no kill de him; den ven me don vitt de Skin, mee put de it ope de horse again: Is no dat good, no?

Sir Am. Still I should loose my horse.

Champ. Pox de horse: you get de Madmoisell? is no better.

Sir Am. We'll think on't, man: This night's to prove To me a night of Pleasures, and of Love.

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Young Airy solus, in Riding habit.

Dick Airy, th'art in London once again;
And now, what's to be done? I know not faith:
I'll examine my Pockets, see what's left
Of Lands, Chattels, and Goods, Money and all;
All I have in the world is in this place.
Let's see, what have we here? just seven Guinies;
I'll to the Ordinary, there I'll try
Whether these seven pieces I have left
Are good breeders or not; if not, why then
I shall but lose what would do me no good

To

To keep, except 'twere more : however, then
I shall be thoroughly clear'd of that small stock
Which never did me good since the first hour
My Father left it me. How he came by't
I know not ; let that pass : then will I try
What I can do of my own self to live :
What know I but Fortune would prove more kinde
Were this gone also ?
Unwilling peradventure I should owe
My happiness to any thing but she.
I'll try her once ; Fortune, an't be thy will
To have me loose this Gold, yet help me then,
Meerly out of stark kindness and pure love.

Exit.

SCENE II.

Champagne solus, Armed cap-espee.

Champ. **Q**ue dis honneur es un foolish de ting !
Et que un box de Ear cause most trouble !
Ho most un vaillant man, most have de business ?
For un box de Ear mee most now kill de him
Dat give it de mee ; it is que de forst time
He strick de mee, for all dat he most dee.
But mee is de opinion dat is very de simple
To go de feet vit simplement de shart,
Becaus der be verree grat many places
To kill de man, and so de send de him
To de Antipodes. Der is de Hart,
De Livre, de Kiddeneis, de Longs, de Gots,
De Artere, de Vains, de Nerfs, et d'Estomach ;
Derfor, as un prudent et vaillant home,
Mee have prepared de arms cap espee.
Mee have de very good parade, contre de Tierce,
De Cart, de Coup four ; et contre de Back-sword :
As par exemple, mee see mee enemy
Just befor de mee, mee draw, ha ! ders for you.
Begar me stick de him just in de panse :

Jerny,

The Mock-Duellist, or

Jerny, mee parre vell ? a ha ! do you go back ? *(Leaps back.*

Alon, ventre Jerny, der to you head :

Ha ! if mee no go back, mee have de hol *(Leaps back.*

Justement in de hart, you paye for dat !

Ha ! very goot, par ma foy : mee kill de Eye !

Bon, Jerny, mee kill de odre : O ! blind man ?

You most, Jerny, have de dog et de bell.

Hellas ! Monsieur *Champagne*, mee aske pardon : *(In another tone.*

No Jerny, no most dee : He ! pardon--- no pardon. *{ Changes tone again.*

Enter *Lyffe*.

Begar Madamoiselle you come de very goot tim.

Autrement me have kill de Rogue.

(Looks about.

Lyffe. What ? who ? where ? why ?

Champ. Par ma foy is just go.

Lyffe. I am glad on't.

Champ. Mee voul go fesh de him,
And kill de him for your service.

Lyffe. No, good *Champagne*----

Champ. Maistre *Champagne*, Jerny.

Lyffe. Then good Mr. *Champagne*,
Let him live for my sake.

Champ. Vell, live den, car Madmoiselle *{ Looks out, as speaking to some body----*

Lyffe. Well, have you got the name ?

Champ. Begar, mee know de all mee voul tell de you,

But you love de mee very vell den,

And let mee do de little ting----

Lyffe. How's that ?

Champ. Nothing, nothing begar, mee only say
You have de mee for your Osban, is no ?

Lyffe. I promise here, *Champagne*, to Marry you.

Champ. Aye ! Monsieur *Champagne* ?

Lyffe. Monsieur *Champagne*, I mean.

At the same hour your Rogue-Master shall wed

That Mistris he's about.

Champ. Toshe de hand : *(Takes her aside, and whispers.*

Mee tell de you in secret----

(Table out.

Enter

the French Vallet.

41

Enter Sir *Cog.* *Phill.* *Nob.* *Dian.* *Sist.*

Phill. I suppose, Sir, that you are now return'd
From th'assignation?

What did the Lady say?

Sir Cog. Madam, I will inform you punctually
Of all that past between us. The Lady come
At the appointed place, caused the Chair
She was in to be stopp'd, and thus began.
There is a Lady not far from this place,
Of Beauty, Youth, Birth, and Estate to boot,
Not inferiour to the rich Lady *Lovewealth*,
Has such Esteem, Affection, if not Passion,
Or rather Love for your personal worth,
As cannot be express'd in lesser terms
Than making you her Husband.

Sir, you must know,

This night she does intend in a disguise,
To Mascarade it at the Lady *Lovewealth*--
Where I'll be sure to accompany her.

Madam, here's all

That has past 'twixt the Lady and my self.

To them *Lyffe*.

Exit Chant.

Phill. I finde I am not in the least suspected.

(Aside.

Sir Cog. Well *Lyffe*, what news now?

Lyffe. None, Sir, but good.

These were his words, as well as he could speak,
Or I them understand. Mee Master's Mistress is a
Young Lady whose name is Mrs. *Kitty Noble*.

Nob. How, *Kitty Noble*, say'st thou?

Lyffe. Just so, Sir.

This night, at three, my Master de Rogue and I steel her away,
and cheat mee Master the fool of his fine Miss by a Ladder of
Ropes, out of a window next to the Garden-wall at the Boarding-
school in our own street. He added, that this Master was to be dis-
quis'd like a Woman, and he he knew not yet. This did he jabber
in his Gibberish tone.

Nob. Come, come, fear nothing, Sir, all will do well;
This works as I could wish: your assignation
At the Lady *Lovewealth* once at an end,
If you do not succeed, we'll watch th' old Knight,

G

And

And seize upon that most villanous Rogue
That sets him on meerly for his own ends,
As we may clearly see beyond dispute
By *Lyffe's* late intelligence : we know the hour---
And there's no fear but to compass our ends.

Sir Cog. Madam, if that---

(*To Nob.*

(*To Phill.*

Phill. Sir, I hope you'll excuse

(*She interrupts Sir Cog.*

My absence this night from the Lady *Lowemeths*?

Sir Cog. And do you leave me, Madam?

Dian. She is not well.

Phill. I shall wish you good sport, and good success.

Sir Cog. Come Sister, you'll along?

Phill. Yes, she shall go,

And *Lyffe* too.

Nob. Come, come, let's loose no time.

Madam, your humble Servant.

(*To Phill.*

Sir Cog. Servant, Lady.

Exeunt all but Phill. and Sifs.

Phill. Haft thou got all things ready?

Sifs. Madam, I have.

Phill. *Cupid* prosper and crown this last nights work!

Sifs. watch their goings forth, and in what dress

Sir Coggin is accoutred; and when th'are gone,

Advertise me, that we may after them

With diligence. Surely it is impossible

I should be known in a Torch-bearer's habit,

With such a Mask as will hide all my face?

Thou being the Lady too?

Sifs. I must confess,

That this change put upon them, will help much

To your concealment.

Phill. It will: be gone; make haste.

Exit Sifs.

Who's this that knocks? I would not be seen now: (*A knocking.*

I'll hide the light, and then let them in. (*Putt the light out of doors.*

Who's there?

Enter Brave.

Brave. A Friend.

Phill. 'Tis more than I know yet.

Brave. I can't help that. *Sir Coggin* is it you?

Phill.

Phil. The very same.

Brave. I'm glad I've met you, Sir, though in the dark :
I have but some few words...

Phil. Your business, pray ?

Brave. My business is but short : Mr. Crosby,
From whom I came, has desired me to say
You had not, Sir, that Title in *Phil.* *Airy*,
Or any of that worthy Ladies Virtues,
As he himself has, and does hold by right ;
And on the same account, desires to see you
In the Piazza with your sword in hand,
At six this morning.

Phil. I'll wait upon him, Sir.

Brave. It will be requisite you take a friend ;
Your Rival honours me.

Phil. That shall be done.

Brave. I am your Servant, Sir.

Phil. Sir, I am yours.

Exit Brave.

Now am I challeng'd : O ! here comes my Second.

Enter Sifs.

Sifs. I come to tell you that the coast is clear.

Phil. Come, let us to the Coach, and as we go
I'll tell thee the best Jest that ever was.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Lovewalth's house.*

Two Chairs out.

Lady Lovewalth, Per. Clay, Clunch, Tray, Prem.

Clay. **A** Vadds, now, do you see, my head does ache
Like any wild-fire ? hark you, my Lady ?

Now, do you keep of all these sorts of Liquors
In your own Cellar, all the year about ?

Lady. Yes, yes, why not ?

Clay. Why then y'are woundy rich.

What's your name, Prem ?

Prem. My name is *Prudence*, Sir.

G 2

Clay.

The Mock-Duellist, or

Clay. I prithy look my head. { Sets himself on a Chair, his legs
 Lady. No flesh and bloud } over the Ladies lap, and his
 Can bear this insolence. } dog in his. Lady rises in anger,
 Clay. 'Tis very cold ; } discourses with Per.

Fecks we'l to Blind-man's-bluff 'twill heat us all.
 Clunch shall be hid.

Clunch. Not I ; I know your tricks.

Clay. I am waggish sometime, Lady, d'you see,
 And he is wary of me : come, I'll hide.

Clunch. I'll blinde you then.

Clay. No, my Lady shall do't.

Clunch. No, no, d'you mark me, I'll have no such cheating.

Clay. So, o-brave Clunch, that calls my Lady cheat!

Th'art so mistrustful--come along simpleton :

Hold, hold, Clunch, not so hard.

(Clunch blinds him.)

Clunch. Is it well now ?

Clay. Oye, oye, d'you see, I'll have no goings out.

Clunch. No, no, come on.

They rush upon the Lady.

Lady. Heavens! what will this be ?

Per. A cure I hope to your brains and my fortune.

(Aside.)

Clay. Have at you Clunch ; you do not clap your hands.

I warrant you this was Clunch. I taught him that. { Clunch lays himself down,
 I'll fit him for't. } Clay falls over him.

Enter Maskers.

Clunch. Ods wowks, what have we here?

(Runs away.)

Clay. I'll tell you what, if I do catch you, Clunch.

Oh! have I caught you now, Clunch? Devil, Oh!

{ catches the wheel-
 barrow, runs a-
 way crying.

Per. What's this insolencie for ?

Lady. But Mascarades.

How his anger becomes him ? all he doth

Has so much grace---

Clay. I would I were a whom.

Lady. I would to Heaven thou had'st never been here.

Clay. Had I known, Lady, that your house was haunted,
 I'd ne're a come so far to marry you.

What do I know, d'you see, but when we two

Were in one bed minding of somewhat else,

We

We should have these Hobgoblins come to us,
And so mar all our sport ? Pray now how long *(To the Lady, she turns off.)*
Has your house been haunted ? what say you Mouth ?
Won't they hurt Tray ? nor Clunch ? nor you ? nor me ?

Per. Observe, they dance.

Clay. Thare merry Devils fecks. *(After the Dance exeunt all the Maskers, but the Wheel-bar.)*

Dance here.

Clunch. Hy-day ; more Devils yet ?

Enter Sir *Amorons* and *Champagne* in a Spanish Garb.

Dance here.

Champ. dances a Saraband, or Antique.

Clay. Whow ! Hell's broke loose.

Sifs. Sir, if you dare put confidence in me, *(To Sir Cog.)*
Here I protest that in every respect
She is to Madam *Phill.* Airy equal,
If not to be prefer'd.

Sir Cog. Well, Madam, since
I must not hope to see the Lady's face
Before I've given my hand, and must confess
You have been just in all y'have hitherto
Declar'd to me ; my life and fortunes both,
I put into your hands, to dispose of
As you shall best think fit.

Sifs. Then give me leave
To speak you at this time a happy man :
Some minutes, Sir, will make you say the same.

Sir Cog. Madam, I am all faith.

Sifs. Give me your hand,
To dispose with your heart, as I think fit.

She gives it to Phill. he starts at the habit.

Sir Cog. What, wedded to a boy ? Madam, what's this ? *(To Sifs.)*
Sure I am not so tame as you imagin,
To have this put upon me thus ?

Sifs. Now, Madam,
It is time to discover.

(To Phill.)

Sir Cog. How, Madam, say you ?

Sifs. But shew your face, then you clear all suspicion
In this Gentleman.

Phill.

Phill. Will this, Sir, serve the turn? (*Discovers only to Sir Cog.*
Sir Cog. Heavens!

But once more let me gaze; my happiness
 Is so wonderful great, I can't believe it.

Phill. What think you now? (*Discovers again.*

Sir Cog. What think I, Madam?
 I cannot think, nor speak, nor see, nor hear.

Phill. Peace, not a word: hold up the humour still,
 That we may not disturb my Brother in his Amour.
 Your Sister and I, Sir, will borrow your Coach
 While you two catch the Old Knight in his own trap:
 Then we'll expect you home. Run in no danger.
 Remember you are mine.

Sir Cog. Be pleased, Madam,
 I th' interim, to partake of our Banquet?

They open the Wheel-barrow, take out the Sugar-plums that lie at top, throw them about; then present the Sweet-meats to the Ladies.

Dian. 'Tis likely, Sir, you know not your own mind?

Nob. I'll give it you under what Oath you please.

Dian. That, Sir, perhaps is too serious a thing
 For any thing you mean. And then, besides,
 Do but consider our young acquaintance, Sir,
 Which is not a month old.

Nob. An Age in Love!
 Who with industrious wings should leave behind
 The formal hours, nor is our meeting, Madam,
 To be assign'd to any portion of them,
 Since it was meant as soon as we took breath;
 And is but reconcil'd to accidents
 That make it up.

Dian. A new Philosophy?
 Well, Sir, go on.

Clay. A mumble, Clunch?
 Hye Tray, there; mumble boys.

Nob. And should we add to it (*I mean that time*)
 A cheap account of years, they cannot give
 The more authority to my Vows, nor wrong

The honourable Favours you may shewre
Upon your Servant. These things well consider'd,
You must conclude, Madam, 'tis with a form,
An idle custom, you would now comply
Against my happiness.

Dian. Well, Sir, in short,
Since by my Brother I'm inform'd you are
A person much deserving, and that besides
I'm wholly guided by him in this choice,
You promising so fair, henceforth you'll have
More than a Mistress in title of me;
And for the future, 'tis like I'll command:
Think how you can obey!

Nob. Obsequiously;
Nothing within the circle of my power
To be exempted, Madam.

Diau. On these conditions,
I may be bold, Sir, to give you my hands.

Nob. And I to seal them, Madam,
On the white authors of my happiness.

(Kisses her hand)

Sir Cog. presents the Heart to Phill. other
parts to the other Ladies.

Phill. Sure, Sir, that's done already, is it not?
Or I have lost by th' bargain.

Sir Cog. 'Tis so, Madam;
And this is meerly Emblematical.

Dian. Now for some Hypochras!

Nob. White or red, Madam?

Diau. Either, Sir, both.

Sir Cog. How do you like your Liquors? {swell an arm, draw Claver, draw
white as from the Bladder.

Phill. They are good.

I'll try your skill once more; Some Jelly now: {Open the head,
take Jelly.
What are his brains turn'd to that substance too?

Clay. They are the kindest Devils that e're I saw;
Are they not, *Clunch*?

Phill. my Brother plies it close;
I hope he will carry the Widow.

Lady.

Lady. Who're you are, accept my hearty thanks
 For your most pleasant and reasonable pastimes. *Exeunt Maskers.*
 No longer between interest and love
 Shall my heart wavering be, but chuse
 The latter for his god, and with disdain
 Renouncing *Pluto*, *Cupid's* slave remain. *Gives her hand to Per.*

ACT V. SCENE 1. Covent-garden.

Young Airy solus in the dark.

Y. Airy. **W**Hy this is well; when things are at the worst,
 They commonly do mend; so may my fortune.
 But first let me be sure there's none o'th' dregs
 Of the late stock behinde, lest that a little
 Of the old leaven should ferment that Mass
 Which is to come; send it after the rest
 To th' Devil head-long: what have I got here?

Enter Parson.
*Airy searches his Pockets, finds a Guinea,
 weighs it in's hand.*

Another Devil in a golden dress?

Par. No, Sir, Heavens defend, I am the Parson.
 You have appointed to marry you this night.

Airy. What's this you say? *(Airy startles.)*

Par. That five hundred a year,
 And a young handsome Wife i'th' bargain, Sir,
 Should make you diligent, and loose no time.

Airy. Hold Fortune; not so fast, lest I should surfeit. *(Aside.)*
 How, fawning of a sudden? Here, take this. *(Gives the Parson the Guinea.)*

Par. I thank you, Sir; there needs not so much haste
 I could stay till the business were done.

Sir, I'll be gone, and wait at the Church-porch,
 Where first you did appoint me for to be;
 There I'll expect you both to tie the Knot.

Airy. Hift! hift! -- the Devil I gave him but now
 Has carried him away, and with him all
 The budding hopes I had---How now? what's this?

A Rope? 'tis so ready fastned for use?
I thank thee Fortune however for this,
But beg your pardon if I slight your favour. *(Feels again.)*

A Ladder of Ropes? there's something in the winde,

Some Lover's alligation, or some thieves;

It may be either. Should it be the last,

It were but charity to warn the house,

If 't proves the first, as probably it may,

As far as I can guess, by th' late discourse

I had with him my Devil took away;

Why may not I expect from a Rope an end,

What was den'd me by all other means,

An end of all my miseries at once,

As many finde? I'll up and try th' Event,

Whatsoever it be.

Enter Sir Am. Shift, Champ, Per.

After, Enter Nob, Cog, and Slye.

They grope in the dark for the Ladder.

Shift. We must grope for this Ladder in the dark.

Sir Am. Go you one way, and I'll another take.

And he that findes the Ladder first, gets up.

Gets up the Ladder into the window, feels out Kitty, takes her by the hand; she seems surprized.

Kitty. I'm glad y' are come;

I thought you very long: is the Minister

At the Church-porch?

Ans. Peace, peace.

Kitty. Come, let me lead.

I know the way o'th' house better than you.

Once more remember what a wife you get,

Young, Rich, and, though I say't, handsome to boot:

I hope, Sir, you'll deserve this happiness,

By your tender love to me.

He answers not, but Kisses her hand.

Sir Amorous findes first the Ladder, gets up; Noble finds

it next, stands aside of it holding it in his hand: Shift

finds it next, goes to get up; Noble seizes on him, gives

him to Sir Cog, and Slye to hold; Sir Amorous stum-

bles in the dark, raises the house in a noise within, an out-

cry of Thieves.

H

Champ.

The Mock-Duellist, or

Champ. Jerney, mee save mee Modres shild; adieu.

Thinking to run away, runs against a wall, falls backwards.

Sir Amorous above.

Sir Am. Madam, we are undone if you come not:
I begit on my knees, make haste away,
Or say you will not go: what, not a word?

Ranges about within: Dispatch to Madam Kitty's Chamber there.

Sir Am. Why, Madam, Madam? Oh! Heavens, she's gone;
And I'm so frightened, that I cannot move.

They come, and I'm undone---

Servants within.

Serv. Break down the door, it must be there.
Sieze on her there: what's this? a man apparell'd
In a womans dress? a pure Rogue this!

They enter.

2 Serv. But where is Madam Kitty all this while?

1 Serv. Not to be found.

2 Serv. What a confusion's here?
Come along, Sir.

Exeunt above: Shift whistles.

Enter Thieves in disguise of Watchmen with a Lanthorn.

Thief. Stand: Who goes there?

Shift. Here, here, seize on these Thieves, and hold them fast.
I took them in the act, robbing the School-house.

Nob. Impudent Rogue! *(As Nob. and Sir Cog. offer to resist, they fall on um and disarm them.)*

Enter Women, with spits, forks, &c. bringing Sir Am.

1 Serv. Come, come, bring forth the Thief:
Which is the Watch?

Thieves. Here, here; What, more Rogues yet?

Enter the true Watch.

Watchman. Stand: Who goes there?
Call the Constable ho.

{The true Watch whisper busly together.

Thieves. We are the Watch.

Shift. Come, away with them there, to th' Justice, Sirs.

Nob. To Justice Frost we'll go.

Sir Cog. Yes, there I'll go.

Shift.

Shift. No, Sirs, you shall go to some other Justice.

Sir Am. To Justice *Frost*.

Watch. Yes, yes, they shall go there.

Shift. But I say no.

Watch. What Ward are you of, friends?

Thieves. Of *Covent-garden Watch*.

Const. Seize on the Rogues, (*Seize on the Thieves, disarm them.*)

W're *Covent-garden Watch*: how, counterfeits?

We'll teach you t' faleysie the King's Majesty

I'th' person of his Constable and Watchmen.

Along, along, to Sir *Amorous Frost* with them. (*Shift runs away.*)

Nob. This works well now.

Sir Cog. As well as heart could wish. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Lady Lovewalth's house.*

Enter Lady Lovewalth, Per. leading her.

Clay, Clunch, and Tray.

Clay. **W**ELL, well, since it is so, I'll e'ne march off;
So Lady fare you well: come *Tray*, come *Clunch*.

Come mouth, we'll home.

Lady. Sir, I must beg your pardon,
If I make bold to detain this Gentleman.

Clay. To teach you Compliments.

Lady. For that same purpose,
And frequently to practice Courtship with him,
That I may be expert.

Clay. Practice, expert.
She begins well already—*Per* stay with her. (*To Per.*)

For as well, in our Town, wee have no need

Of Complimenters, nor of Courtiers neither.

There will I in all haste, so fare you well.

Clunch. There will I in all haste, so fare you well.

Come, *Tray*, bid them farewell.

Exeunt Clay, Clunch and Dog.

Lady. I must return you, Sir, thanks for those pains

Which you have taken to render me sensible

Of my late folly, my covetous minde:

Therefore in gratitude to your civilities,

I give you this assurance to be yours. *(Gives him her hand.*

Per. And I, Madam, with a most fervent Love

And most obsequious Services, will pay

My offerings to this Altar every day.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. Sir Am. his house.

Constable, Watch, and Prisoners.

Const. Bring in the Prisoners there, make room before. *(Sir Am. house.*

Enter Champ. laughs at his Master. Exit.

Come, where's his worship? let him know we are here:

Enter Crosby. Noble steals off; Crosby would retire, the Watchmen detain him.

Watch. No, no, we know your tricks.

Const. Gentlemen, look all to your Prisoners there.

1 Watch. Let's count them over. *(They count, and reckon*

2 Watch. 1, 2, 3, 4, &c. *(Crosby among them.*

Th'are right, th'are right.

Crosby. Gentlemen, you mistake, I'm none o'th' number;

Meerly Curiosity did bring me here.

Watch. I think he came in since.

Const. Then let him go. *Exit Crosby.*

Enter Champ.

Champ. Vifh is de Constable?

Const. Here, here, I am.

Champ. Mee Mr. bidd mee aske de you for de grate Teef

In de homans clos, he vill anser for de him.

Const. Here, here a is, I warrant an old Thief:

Let him go there: I know the Justice's man. *(Exit Champ. laughs with Sir Am.*

Enter Noble, Crostitch.

Nob. By your leave, friends, you know me, I suppose? *(To the Const.*

Const. My honest Landlord?

Nob. The very same.

Const. I'm glad to see you well, Sir.

Nob. This Gentlewoman, Mrs. of the School,

Says,

Says, that through a mistake was all this stir:

She finds nothing amiss in all her house;

And therefore is come hither to treat

For the liberty of these Gentlemen:

Is it not so?

(*To Crost.*)

Crost. 'Tis as the Gentleman says.

Nob. Mr. Constable, a word with you in private.

*Brings him aside, whispers to him,
gives him money.*

1 Watch. The Justice is very long.

2 Watch. He was asleep;

'Tis like they could not wake him o'th' sudden.

Const. Come, Gentlemen, let's go; I'm certifi'd.

2 Watch. I hope they'll give us something though to drink?

Nob. There, honest friends; good night.

Exeunt all but Nob. Sir Cog. Crost. and Slye.

Good Mrs. *Crostitch*, where found you my Sister?

Crost. Passing by our house, as from that street
That leads to *Covent-garden*, a Gentleman
Leading her by the hand, by chance a glimpse
Of a neighboring light discover'd her to me.

Nob. What did she say?

Crost. Why, Sir, that she was married
To that Gentleman; which he own'd to be true.

Nob. She is undone for ever! quite undone!
Where is she now?

Crost. Sir, she is at my house,
Where she said she would stay till you came to her.

Nob. Go and be with her, pray, until I come.

Exit Crost.

This business manag'd well, Sir, may be worth
A thousand pounds a year.

Sir Cog. That I must do.

Nob. I'll to my Sister go, examine her;
While you'll do well to go to the old man
And try what you can do, while he is yet
In's pannick fears.

Sir Cog. Be sure I'll do my best.

Nob.

Nob. I'll take my Sister with me to your house.

Sir Cog. My house is yours, you know : Now must I go
To the old Knight with a most griveous story,
No less than Burglary and rape i th' Case,
And those with aggravations----

Enter Sir Am.

Sir Am. Nephew, undone !
Undone for ever in my Reputation.

Sir Cog. I hope not so, dear Sir, though bad enough.

Sir Am. What's become of the rest ? Oh ! fatal hour !

Sir Cog. Sir, by my means convey'd out of the way,
Not far from hence.

Sir Am. Now Child, what's to be done ?

Sir Cog. Sir, for the present I have stopp'd all proceedings,
Though 'twill break out again.

Sir Am. Too soon, I fear.

Well Nephew, though 'tis late, I see my fault,
And most deservedly am punish'd for't :

I put my self, and Reputation both,
Into your hands ; preserve them both as yours.

I shall requite you, and in consideration

O'th' wrong I would of late have done you, Nephew,

I will allow you, during my whole life,

A thousand pounds a year ; and at my death,

The whole reversion of all my Estate.

Let's in, and there I'll confirm the Deed to you

Before sufficient witnesses, till I can

Get the Writings drawn up.

Sir Cog. Honour'd Sir,

My life and honour shall for evermore
Stand between you and any sort of danger.

That no time may be lost, I'll instantly

To th' company, and take upon my self

The whole adventure. I hope I shall finde friends

To get me off for some small sum of money.

It will be said of me, it was my youth.

Thus, Sir, your Reputation will be safe,

Your

Your Perforrout of danger, and----

Sir *Am.* I instantly
Will send to have the Writings drawn up,
With all the haste that may be.

Sir *Cog.* Sir, good night.

Exeunt severally.

SCENE IV. Sir *Cog.* house.

Phill. Phan. Sifs.

Phill. **P**Rethy, dear heart, content thy self a while ;
Th' appointed hour was between five and six,
And 't has but just struck five.

Phan. My dearest friend,
Pardon my Jealousies--

Phill. Be chearful then ;
I'll lay my life 'twill do.

Phan. Should your plot fail,
I were undone past all hopes of repair.
Is the Parson come yet ?

Sifs. Yes, long ago ;
Waits in the Chamber next my Ladies closet,
Has but cold comfort on't.

Phill. He's in the dark.

Sifs. H's neither fire, nor light,
And is lock'd up.

Phill. Come *Sifs.*, along with me to the Piazza.

Sifs. Madam, I cannot fight.

Phill. No matter, Wench,
I'm stout enough for both.

Sifs. Without a sword ?

Phill. I'll leave you, Madam ; you must have no light :
Let me alone to put the Change upon him.
Here comes some company, retire quick.

Enter Diana, Lyffe.

Dian. Well, Madam Sister, have you done your do ?

Phill.

Phil. Faith, dear Sister, not yet ; but one plot more,
And then no more : Where's your Brother, Madam,
And Mr. Noble ?

Dian. Not yet return'd, you see ;
But sure they'll not be long.

Phil. Well, I must go,
I shall not stay 'bove half an hour, at most.
I hope at my return to finde all here :

Dian. Madam, how dare you venture all alone :
At this unseasonable hour ?

Phil. I fear no Colours !

Exit with Sifs.

Dian. This new Sister of mine is a mad thing,
What strange things she has acted here of late !
And still with good success.

Lyffe. She has her ends.

Sifs has told me, her Mrs. made no question
But that she would procure her self a Husband ;
And her Brother a wife, in two days space ;
And had her other Brother been in Town,
'Twould have gone hard but she'd a fitted him
With a wife also.

Dian. She has done pritty well,
Having made sure for her self of my Brother,
Has put hers also in so fair a way
To th' Lady *Lovewealth*, it is ten to one
But he will carry her : but here he is,

Enter Per. and Lady Lovewealth.

And by his chearful looks I hope all's well.

Per. The night being far spent, and knowing, Madam,
There was such work in hand as would detain you
From your accustom'd rest, we have made bold,
This fair Lady and I, to wait upon you.

Lady. Madam, I had no sooner given this Gentleman
A power over me, but he has made use of it
In commanding me hither.

Per. By your advice.

Dian. I am o'rejoy'd, Sir, to see your success,

And

And wish your Ladyship all happyneſs
In this your choice.

Lady. As I do you in yours.

Dian. I humbly thank your Ladyship, dear Ma'dam.

Per. Nay, for my part, I'm fully perſwaded
That all the Stars are in a cloſe conjunction
This very night : but, Madam, where's the reſt ?
My Siſter, Madam----

Dian. Gone about ſome new plot.

Per. Madam, here comes your Brother and his Mate.

Enter Sir Cog. Phill.

Phill. Brother, ſpeak, haſt thou ſped ?

Lady. I'll answer for him.

Madam, he may thank your politick head
For having me.

Per. And my well acting in it.

Phill. I hope by this I've made an other match
Since I went hence.

Sir Cog. As how ? pray let us hear.

Phill. Mr. *Crosby* being highly incenſed
Againſt you, Sir, whom he knew was his Rival,
Was pleas'd this night to ſend a Challenge to you.
I in your abſence, by the help of the dark,
Receiv'd that Meſſage, which he thought he had given
To your own ſelf. I was but juſt return'd
From the Rendezvous, where finding the miſtake
His Second had made, with ſome fair words,
And a promiſe of Marriage, I've brought him home.

Sir Cog. How ! a promiſe of Marriage, do you ſay ?

Phill. Yes, yes, which by this time I have made good
I hope, and yet no prejudice to you, *(Sir Cog. ſtartles.)*
As you ſhall hear. The abuſed Lady *Phanny*
Through his wildneſs, as you know I had above,
And a Parſon in readineſs in the dark,
Under pretence of not being diſcovered,
He gave conſent it ſhould be without light :
There having brought Mr. *Crosby*, juſt now

I've slipt my hand from his, and in exchange
 Have given him the Lady Phanny's hand :
 I left them in this posture, the Minister
 Doing his office readily without book.
 So giving them the slip, I am come hither.

Enter Crosby, and Phanny.

By this, I hope th'are fast.

Sir Cog. I wish it so.

Per. Why here is plot enough to make a Play!

Phill. Oh! here they come, and by their countenance
 I hope all's well.

Crosby. Where's my Trappanner, ho!

Phill. I hope, Sir, you have pardon'd my deceit.

Crosby. I thank your goodness for it, and do confess
 You are that happy Star has guided me
 To this shun'd haven which will prove my Bliss,
 Since I have paid that debt which through my Vows
 I had contracted here. Your pardon, Sir,
 For those thoughts I once harbour'd against you
 My Rival then, but now I hope my friend,
 What say you, Sir?

(To Sir Cog.)

Sir Cog. That here you may command
 Your Lady too.

Enter Noble, Airy, Kitty.

Phill. How now? who have we here?
 My Brother sure, or I am in a dream?

Nob. Our Brother, Madam.

Pereg. 'Tis impossible, sure.

Y. Airy. Nay, 'tis even so: I am a married man,
 And this my Lady, Brother.

Kitty. Thank your fortune!

Nob. Sister, and so may you, that he is yours.
 For your sake, Sir, I'll forget her late folly,
 And thank the Heavens for designing her yours
 At the same time she sought her own destruction.

(To Airy.)

Y. Airy. You are all goodness, Sir, to pardon thus
 My late presumption.

Nob.

Nob. All shall be now forgot :
This is a night of Jubilee; from hence
We must banish all sorrow.

Phill. Pray let me come,
I'm Mrs. of the house, am I not, Sir?

(To Sir Cog.)

Sir Cog. And of me too.

Phill. I thought so much at least :
Therefore, dear Brother, I must bid you welcome,
And to your Lady.

Y. Airy. Dear Sister, humble thanks.

Kitty. Madam, for your sake, I'll praise him the more.

Enter Sir Am.

Sir Am. My very good friends all, I am come here
To make my recantation, own my fault,
And willingly set a fine on my head
For my late folly : I therefore in presence
Of all are here, declare this Gentleman, my Nephew,
Sole Heir to my Estate, after my death :
During my life, allow him every year
One thousand pound. To this pray witness all,
Till I have made it good in lawful form
Under my Hand and Seal.

Sir Cog. and Phill. We thank you, Sir.

Nob. All these joynings of hands, and no dance to't ?

Phill. Come, come, I'm for a dance, in which you'll see,
Though distinct Couples, we can all agree.

The Dance.

*After which, Enter Slye haling
of Champagne.*

slye. O ! have I caught you, Sir ? Now sirrah, either fight
With me presently, or prepare to die.

Champ. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Begar me tink de fellow is made ;
Vat pox do you no see dat de la Commedy is finish ? look de
Your part, you will finde no fush ting : go, go, and let de mee
To de la Compagnie.

Exit Slye.

Champ. addresses to the Audience, the Epilogue.

Gentliman, do in de la Comedye mee most no fitt, but me most
swear, mee naturellement love de fit : et Jerny mee voul no swear ;
dere--

derefor par consequent mee come to tell de you, dat mee be de Poet Champion. If dere be man, homan, or little shild dat vill no clape de hand, and swear Jerny de Comedye is very good, begar, mee swear is no de undrestand de vit, nor de raison, et mee presentement turne de la Comedye in de la Tragedy. Alon Jerny-----

Draws and flourishes during the Clap.

After the Clap, goes on thus.

So, very good ; now because you be all de civility, mee promis sur mon honneur, mee voul no kill de you, and mee give de you de permission to come here to morrow agin (for your argent Jerny) et so Mesieurs adieu ; mee go tell de Poet de your courtoisie.

Exit.

F I N I S.
